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THURSDAY, SEPT. 13, 1855.

DR. HOLMES'S LECTURE TO-NIGHT—MOORE

AND BYRON.—The lecture to-night at the

Baptist church by Dr. Holmes, on Moore and

Byron, will be an intellectual treat, in every way

worthy the attention of all who can manage in

any way to hear it. It should have been the

opening lecture of the series, for Wordsworth

is confessedly a difficult theme to handle. Lo-

well says of him "that there was something

rocky and unyielding in his mind, and that even

his fancy is glittering and stiff, like crystalliza-

tions in granite." Again, Lowell says, "like

old Ben. Johnson, he apparently whished that

a great deal of what he wrote should be called

works. Especially is this true of his larger

poems, like the Excursion and the Prelude.—

However small, however common-place the

thought, the ponderous machinery of his verse

runs on like a railway train that must start at a

certain hour, though the only passenger be the

boy that cries lozenges. He seems to have

thought that inspiration was something that

could be turned on like steam. Walter Savage

Landor told me "hat he once said to Words-

worth, 'Mr. Wordsworth, a man may mix as

much poetry with his prose as he likes, and it

will make it the better; but the moment he

mixes a bit of his prose with his poetry, it pre-

cipitates the whole.' Wordsworth, he added,

never forgave him." A great many lectures

would be required to enable a popular audience

to appreciate such a magnificent theme as

Wordsworth.

But Byron and Moore are poetic themes of a

different character. They need less analysis,

and they abundantly illustrate their chief points

of interest. One of them is among the finest

masters of ideality that has ever been seen; the

other is not only a great poet but is one of the

most thorough masters of the varied powers of

the English language that ever used it. He is

the very personification of the eloquence of pa-

ssion, and as a descriptive poet in the walks of

art has never been equalled. Even Goethe is

tame in these fields when compared with By-

ron.

Reader, do not fail to enrich your memory for

life by hearing Dr. Holmes to-night, on Byron

and Moore. You will know more of their in-

tellectual wealth, after hearing the lecture to-

night than you ever knew before.

MR. J. RUSSELL HAWKINS, who was clerk of

the last Senate of Kentucky, is a candidate for

the clerkship of the next Senate. We do

not know whether he is or is not a member of

the American party, but we do know that he is

a most active, intelligent, and patriotic gentle-

man, and that neither the Kentucky Senate nor

any other body ever had a more courteous, ac-

commodating, and energetic officer than he—or

one that commanded more of the love and re-

gard of all around him.

Can anybody tell us who John T. Black is—the author of a letter written in this city on

the 11th ult. to the New York Tribune?

DEATH OF MR. I. A. COWLES.—The lovers of poetry cannot fail to remember a good many exquisite little pieces published in the Journal under the name of this gentleman. When he wrote for our paper, he was sojourning in Jefferson county, an inmate of the family of our friend E. D. Hobbs, Esq., who bears the strongest testimony to his worth. His poems were always tasteful, classical, and of a high order of excellence, and we learn that all who knew him were his admirers and his warm friends. He was quite young, and he went from Jefferson county to Yale College to complete his education and prepare himself for the great battle of life. But he has fallen upon the very verge of the battle-field, leaving only the memory of his virtues and his genius to those who admired and loved him. He was a nephew of Lewis Gaylord Clarke, editor of the Knickerbocker, and if his life had been spared, he would have won high distinction in the literary world.

Mr. Cowles died of consumption at Syracuse, N. Y., on the 29th of June. A beloved brother of his, in a letter now before us, says:

I talked with him on the 28th nearly all the afternoon. He arranged all his affairs with me; he said that he did not think he should ever recover—that he felt then he was dying. He wished to be buried in his clothes as he usually dressed. He did not wish any of us to put on any mourning for him. At about half-past 9 P. M. of the 28th he went to sleep and slept as sweetly as a child till half-past 11. He then roused up and conversed with all of us till about 1 in the morning of the 29th, when he went to sleep and died about one hour afterward. He had no pain—he did not even gasp once. So it was his death that

We thought him dying when he slept and sleeping when he died."

He spoke of his friends South and remembered them kindly up to his death. He was remarkably happy and cheerful all the time, and we are assured that his spirit was buoyed up by an unseen power not of this earth.

The following poem was read as an exercise at the exhibition of Mr. Sumner's Female Seminary at Newcastle by Miss Sarah Bryan, a member of the graduating class. The subject was assigned to her by the accomplished superintendent of the seminary, and, although it is one that few poets could manage, Miss B. performed her work in a manner that does great honor to her very remarkable genius:

[For the Louisville Journal.]

NOBILITY AND IGNOMINY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Had I a mind that bathed its chariot wing
In the green sun-set's crimson hue,
And soared where starry lamps were quivering
Far off in an immensity of blue—
That heard mad music amid starry choir,
Held mystic glories in its chartered sway,
And caught strange splendor from the flashing fires
That light the whirl-wind through its wandering way:
Even then I'd alight at tremble did I dream
That I should ever be required to throw
New radiance over a prosaic theme,
That Spencer had exhausted long ago.
And, as it is, I gaze upon my task
With all the coldness of a spirit chill,
And strive to fly from what I did not ask—
But ah, this royal spirit haunts me still!
Now I know not if sultry spirits prize
Exalted tributes, so I'm half afraid
That after all, I cannot excuse
Her mighty majesty's remorseless shade.
But we're existing to endure—then why,
"Why should I shrink from what we cannot shun?"
This dreaded deed is my fatality—
And—though I shudder much—it must be done.
Then, since the silence of a glorious grave
May not be sacred, I must wander now
Beyond the mysteries of the moaning wave,
And introduce one, round whose buried brow
The crown of Britain shed a splendid spell,
Formed from the union of its brightest rays,
Who, as a Queen alone, might merit well
Her poet-laureate's most poetic praise.
For destiny bestowed on her a mind
That did not bend to water or to change,
And various lofty qualities combined
In her strong intellect's majestic range.
Then learning cast a flood of glowing light
On nature's lavish gifts, that ever shone
With lustre steadfast, varied, and bright,
And found a sovereign worthy of a throne!
Yes, worthy, for the sceptre of the Isles
Was never given to a farmer-hand,
And although fortune's most auspicious smile
Has ever rested on her native land—
Though its far floating banner is unfurled
Above a dusky distant sea and shore,
The realm whose lion emblem awes the world
Has known no brighter glory than it were
Through her long, brilliant, and unrivaled reign.
"Twas in the wild ocean's rocking waves
Lighted a deep dirge, for the pride of Spain
Sunk with her lost armada to her caves!
And yet, despite her loftiness and power
That swayed the interest of empire well,
And mocked the storms of the convulsive hour,
A gloom her glory cannot dispel
Throws a forbidding shadow round her name
That mingles strangely with the bright-as-there.
Now, if we live so as to merit blame,
We're wondrous certain to receive our share!
However much we're worthy this world's praise,
If we deserve its curse, 'twill, 'twill give
The last most lavishly. Good soon decays
Where blended evil's stronger. Erroneous live
Though virtues are forgotten, and I know
My heroine had many fearful faults,
And fain would leave them all to moulder low
'Mid the sepulchral state of distant vaults.
But we are subjects of unswerving will,
And 'tis not difficult to deprecate;
Besides it does not ask nascitur's skill
To prove her greatness cannot exalt
Her weakness, for a frail and strange excess
Of overpowering vanity was hers—
She gave her smiles to flattery that was less
Than wretched even of her slightest suers.
Then blinding darkly with the brilliant schemes
Formed for the glory of her name and throne,
Were many restles, wild, and sullen dreams
Too low for minds as lofty as her own.
She knew not to forgive—revenge wasurst,
With idling ardor, deep and long,
And when at last the gathered tempest burst
Its frenzied fury was too blind and strong.
For when her fitful passions woke they sparred
The fettors of reason ever must require
And the vast depth of her own nature burned
With anger fierce as subterranean fire.
It may be that the wayward Essex died
The death he merited—and still it seems
She might have pardoned that restless pride
Which drives strong spirits into mad extremes!
But even if her stern and startling fate
Was just, we turn with horror from the scene
Where England's sovereign's settled, Jealons hate
Was sated with the blood of Scotland's Queen!
For, though that deeply dark deed realized
The cherished dream of concqueror-hannied years,
She wore in honor of the death she prized
A mask of sorrow and a mist of tears!
But we have blamed enough—so'll we resign
Westminster's treasure to her rifled cell,
And there where marble shades a royal line
I trust that henceforth she may slumber well:
Now perchance some tremendous genius may
Believe I wish for flattery's trifling bliss;
f so, I can speak candidly and say
I ask not to eternize verse like this.
Endless ages pass 'twill be forgot
Whether this audience gave me praise or blame;
Even now I almost think it matters not—
The destiny of man will be the same.
The fate of no devoted universe
Trembles on men's appliance; and should they grieve
Their censure!—surely no wild, withering curse
Would fill with their sneers on all who live.
Mortals are nothing, but their nothingness
Is sacred—they are much in their own dreams!
And we must not awake them to distress,
Since their importance is not what it seems.
But human minds are daring, mad, and vain
If they imagine that can convince
Mortality of weakness—for a chain
Of dear delusions binds it. Should the prince
And leader of the archangelic "Seven."
With empyrean glory wildly bright,
Bend from the star-lit arms of high Heaven,
And speak to dust of frailty's trembling flight,
There are those who could curl their lips of clay
And call the spirit mad!—and dream the while,
That, whatso'er a seraph chose to say,
He would be honored did they only smile
On his eternity. But should they fail
To give me praise I really cannot see
What either smiles or frowns can much avail
The destiny of either them or me.

A Boston editor, who, since the Louisville riots, has been vilely abusing us both politically and personally, sends us a paper containing a puff of his wife, marked with a penitently expecting us to copy it. That fellow will get along in the world—else there is no virtue in human impudence.

THE HOG CROP IN OHIO.—The Cincinnati Price Current of this week has the Assessor's returns from fifty-two counties in Ohio, showing a falling off in the number of hogs, as compared with last year, of over four hundred thousand head. The same paper says that hogs sell very freely at \$6 net for early delivery, and there have been sales for December at this figure, but buyers for that month are not plenty.

A young German named Gerhard H. Bauer was drowned at Evansville on Monday by falling into the river from the wharfboat.

KENTUCKY AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL FAIR Second Day.

To the Editors of the Louisville Journal:

GENTLEMEN—This may be considered the great day of the exhibition. I believe it is generally admitted that Kentucky stands foremost in the States for fine cattle. Indeed I may say that some as fine cattle as ever were bred in England are now here. Under the arrangements of this association, I regret that I have not the opportunity of examining the different herds and comparing them at my leisure. Many of the animals on exhibition are brought in the morning, and at the close of the examination by the judges, they are at once taken from the grounds. This, however, is not the case with the stock of Atcherson Alexander, Esq., of Woodford.—

This gentleman has erected at his own expense a spacious yard and stables for the accommodation of his stock, and has them all on the ground before the opening of the fair. He has now here eighteen head of his best animals, composed of three classes, viz: his first importation, their descendants, and his second importation. Mr. A. has visited England himself, and has spared neither labor nor expense to procure the finest animals from the best herds in the kingdom. I don't profess to be an expert judge of all the fine points which go to make up a perfect animal, or of the handling qualities of thoroughbred stock, but I think I have never seen more perfect models of beauty and symmetry, and with more perfect skill of touch than is found in some of the animals exhibited by Mr. A. His bull, *Lord John*, now four years old, has been exhibited at several fairs in Kentucky, and has never been beaten. His bull's *Grand Master*, *Sirius*, and several others, are worthy an extensive notice, but in order to have my letter ready for the two o'clock mail, am unable to give an extended notice of any of the stock exhibited here to-day. But I will venture to assert that there were upon the grounds some as fair animals as can be found in the world, and if the breeders of Kentucky, living under a mild and delightful climate, and with the richest and most luxurious pastures, do not continue the improvement of their stock, so nobly begun and carried forward by our British neighbors, it will be because they do not know how to employ the material at their command.

If the managers of these grounds would provide slight accommodations for reporters for papers at a distance, I am sure it would have a tendency to promote the interest of exhibitions, as well as of the association. I am now compelled to leave the grounds before one-half of the cattle have entered the ring, in order to write this brief notice.

I understand there are quite a large number of long-wooled sheep to be brought in to-day. Of hogs the number is small.

The attendance of people is fully equal to that of yesterday. The large amphitheatre is again filled to overflowing with ladies.

I saw yesterday a new variety of hemp in the stem. It was grown by Wm. L. Vance, Esq., of Woodford county. The stems are upwards of twelve feet long, and average but a quarter to half an inch in diameter at the base. The seed were procured through a gentleman in France. I am informed by gentlemen of the highest respectability, who have seen it in the field, that its habit is to grow full a third higher than the ordinary kind of hemp, and instead of maturing in about three months, the usual period for the common kind, it requires full five months to be fit for the knife, and the lint is correspondingly increased in thickness and weight. Mr. Vance is now in the midst of harvesting this variety. I have promised myself a visit to Woodford before I return, in order to give it a full examination. Should it prove what it is represented to be, it will be an important acquisition to the hemp growing regions of Kentucky and Missouri.

I must not omit to mention two articles which I had the pleasure of examining after the close of the exhibition yesterday. They were furnished by two ladies of Louisville, both of which were awarded premiums. One was a quilt or coverlet, made by Mrs. George Hancock, lady of the respected President of the Agricultural Association at Louisville. It is most ingeniously and tastefully wrought, requiring an almost endless amount of persevering labor. It is composed of 1,270 small circles all united, and of 407,871 stitches, all crocheted. The other was a piece of silk embroidery wrought by Mrs. A. S. Thurston, wife of Col. Thurston, of the U. S. A., representing a cluster of plants in full flower and so perfect in every part as to be mistaken at a short distance for nature's own productions.

The thousand and one horse and carriages passing between the city and the show grounds keep up a constant cloud of dust. Notwithstanding there is quite a breeze of wind, the weather is oppressively hot. Old Sol, although in his decline, has managed for a few days past to send down his rays with increased intensity. I will send you the award of premiums of to-day by to-morrow morning's mail.

H. P. B.

Early Frosts.—During the past week frosts have prevailed pretty extensively throughout the northern section of the Union, and in some cases have occasioned much damage by their severity. On the 19th ult. there was a frost in the vicinity of Cooperstown and in some parts of Western New York; in Essex county, N. J.; Ottawa, Ill.; Bushkill, Pa.; and in many parts of Maine. We learn that in the interior of Massachusetts the frosts have been unusually severe.

Edward Castle was yesterday elected night watchman in the Eighth ward.

EVENING BULLETIN.

THURSDAY EVENING. SEPT. 13, 1855.

COMPARATIVE ECONOMY OF FREE AND SLAVE LABOR ON CANALS AND RAILWAYS.—There is no problem the solution of which is more interesting and important to a community of people than that which proposes to determine the most economical application of the labor existing in that community. All those things which minister to man's material wants; everything that promotes his personal comfort and convenience; everything that adds to the wealth, the power, the prosperity, and the progress of either the individual or the nation, are the result of labor. It has been assumed that slave labor is incapable of being diversified by its application to other pursuits than agriculture, and this has been

made the basis of serious objections to this species of labor. We have often pointed out the evils *exclusive agriculture* necessarily inflicts on the people of any country in which it prevails; it has been the curse of the South—a burden as grievous as it was unnecessary.

The people of the Southern States have more

labor than they can profitably employ in producing cotton, and, if one-third of it had been

employed in building railroads, digging canals,

manufacturing iron, or mining coal, the cotton

produced by the two-thirds would have sold for

as much money as the larger crop, and the

labor of the other third would have been so much

additional profit to the Southern people, and so

much added to the general wealth and resources

of the Southern section of the country. There

is no good reason why the Southern people should

not be able to build all the railroads they need,

with their surplus slave labor. Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Alabama, and Virginia abound

in coal, wood, and iron; and furnaces and forges

can be established in these States and iron man-

ufactured with slave labor cheaper than it can

be with hired white labor. The road-beds may

be graded, and every description of work done

on these roads as cheaply and as well by slaves

as it can be done by white laborers. Whenever

the experiment shall be properly tried, it will

prove signally successful. Indeed it cannot be

called an experiment, for it has been tried. In

Virginia more than thirty years ago a large

amount of work on the public works of that

State was done by slave labor; and in Louisiana

the State owns slaves with which it is now dig-

ging the canals and other works that are being

executed at the cost of the State. We have be-

fore us the report of Mr. G. W. Morse, the

State engineer, who, in speaking of slave labor

as applied to the public works, says:

As far as my experience goes upon the ques-

tion of the employment of white or slave labor

and I have employed both, the former on the

Barratry and Lafourche canal, and on the

works at the mouth of the bayou Plaquemine,

the result stands as follows: This department

has employed for the last two years an average

of one hundred and three negroes, at an average

cost for provisions and clothing for the two

years of \$7,478.00. Nine of them have died in

the meantime, one from old age, two from

chronic diseases previously acquired, and the

other six able men, so that although nine have

died in the two years the State has lost but four

per cent. of its capital each year of that time.

The account should stand thus, estimating the

negroes at \$1,200 each:

Value of 103 negroes, at \$1,200 each, \$123,

600. Interest at six per cent. on stock for

for one year \$7,416.00 Loss on stock for one year at four per cent. 4,944.00 Provisions and clothing 7,478.00

Total \$19,838.00 Total cost for each slave per year 192.60 Cost per month 16.05 One year's labor of 103 white men at \$35 per month, including provisions 43,260.00 Making a difference in favor of slave labor, per year, of 23,422.00 White labor at Luckport, two years ago, cost the State one dollar per day and board, and the men whom we hired boarded at that place at a cost of \$15 per month, making the cost equal to \$1.57 2-3 per day or \$41 per month. At Pla quenue, this year, Captain Lawes, who was the contractor for public works, paid his laborers from \$1.50 to \$1.62 1-2 per day, they boarding themselves. Thirty-five dollars, then, per mo., for white labor cannot be too high an estimate, including cost of board. This calculation is based upon positive facts upon record in this office, and therefore must be correct. There is however one item not taken into the account, and that is the fact that negroes in this climate will, for the year round, perform much more labor than an equal number of white men—I think the difference is about as two to three—or that twenty negroes will perform as much hard labor as thirty white men, which would increase the difference in favor of slave labor from \$23,422 to \$37,475 per year. This last difference is not alone owing to the fact that the negroes can work on during the sickly season, while many of the white laborers fail, but to the fact that they are better able generally, and, in my opinion, do actually perform one-third more work. The cost of superintending white and slave labor must necessarily be about the same. Another disadvantage attending the employment of white laborers is the fact that they are more difficult to control than the negro, and when they know you are most dependent on them they will either demand higher wages or leave you.

Madame Lagrange gave a concert at Cincinnati this morning. The reasons for giving a concert in the morning are stated to be that all the musical halls were engaged by negro minstrels for the evenings. We knew that the taste of the Cincinnatians favored decidedly the black in various matters, but we didn't know that it extended itself to music.

Madame Lagrange, it is stated, will not go further South than Cincinnati.

B. T. Thompson (Anti-Know-Nothing) has been elected judge of the Scott county court by a majority of 124 over J. M. Shepard (K. N.)

CHICAGO, Sept. 10.

The agricultural works of H. A. Pitts of the city were destroyed by fire yesterday morning. Loss twenty-five thousand dollars—entirely insured. Among the losses are twenty-five patent grain separators lately victorious at the Paris exhibition.

NEWS ITEMS.

Western Cities.—Buffalo city, New York, according to the census just taken, has 73,838 inhabitants. In the year 1850 the total was 42,250. This is a very handsome increase, but nothing like what was claimed lately. The census of Chicago has also been overstated. It is 74,000, instead of 87,000.

There is at present afloat between Chicago and Milwaukee and Buffalo the following large amount of produce: Of flour, 2,684 barrels; of wheat, 178,542 bushels; of corn, 370,945 bushels; and of oats, 40,000 bushels.

The San Francisco Herald states that Mr. Silas Burrows, an American gentleman, just returned from China, was an eye-witness to the execution of thirty-five hundred rebels who were taken prisoners in the battle near Canton in the month of March last.

Mrs. Evans, of Franklin Square, Baltimore, after washing an infant ten months old in a tub of water, laid it on the floor while she left the room. Meantime a larger child put the infant back in the tub, and attempted to resume the washing of it; but unfortunately the poor baby's head was kept under water so long, that when the mother returned she found it dead.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.]

The Paris correspondent of the Independence Belge vouches for the accuracy of the following anecdote:

At Poitiers, five days since, an octogenarian possessing a fortune of 600,000 francs and without heirs, caused Damas's "Monte Cristo" to be read to him during an illness. The work charmed him. He made inquiries about the author, and learned that he had once possessed, at St. Germain-en-Laye, a property to which he had given the name of his romance, but which the circumstances had obliged him to dispose of. Without caring to hear more, the invalid took a pen and thus wrote to the prolific novelist: "Sir, I am old; I am ill; I am moderately rich. Your 'Monte Cristo' has lately been read to me, and has greatly contributed to dissipate my ennui and diminish my sufferings. Having no children, and being likely to be ere long called hence, I cannot do better than leave part of my fortune to an author to whom I owe so much. I divide my fortune then into two parts, giving one to the poor of Poitiers and the other to you. Be so good as to receive," &c. At first M. Alexander Dumas hesitated to believe in the authenticity of this letter, but in the course of the day a notary of Paris led upon him and satisfied him on that point.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.]

WASHINGTON, Sep. 10.

The Secretary of the Treasury is pursuing his inquiries relative to the reduction and remodeling of the tariff, and has numerous clerks employed in the preparation of tables and statements for the information of Congress. Some of his recommendations for a new classification of articles will probably be adopted; but I do not believe that anything will be done to render the tariff less protective than at present.

The opposition to the adoption of the retired list, as recommended by the board, appears to increase, and has given rise to further delay. The report of the board was considered yesterday by the President, Commodore Shubrick, the Secretary of the Navy, and Attorney General, for several hours, but without definitive result.

The appointment of Minister to England will be made next week. It is designed to render the necessary term of the vacancy as short as practicable. Contrary to my impression, I learn that some important matters are in negotiation between the American Legation and the British Ministry. Senator Mason will not be appointed—nor, probably, will Gen. Dix.

I perceive that Capt. Henry, the leader of the filibustering host to be gathered for the invasion of Mexico, has recrossed the border. The expedition, which was entirely benevolent and philanthropic in its character, was intended solely for the regeneration of Mexico, has failed in part from the obstinacy and perverseness of the Mexicans who could not understand the noble tendencies and motives of the Captain's plan, and partly because the money being wanting the patriots from this side were not forthcoming.

It is that the glorious rage for freedom, which inflames the panting souls of our Texan brethren of the frontier, should have this mercenary cast. Why should there be this identical connection between Dalgetyism and filth in all ages and all countries. The reason that the Northeastern frontier was not formed as promptly as a side scene is shifted, was because Captain Henry, the liberator, had no money. Though, if he had had the money, perhaps he would have faltered in his sublime mission himself, and would not have been a Liberator. Thus the human mind is confused in the labyrinth in which duty and interest wander hoodwinked. It is plain that some Calis is needed to supply a desideratum, an essay, that is upon the hero as filibuster.

INSPECTOR.

A STRING OF MISFAPS.—A man named Wragg was brought into one of the city courts in New York for disturbing the peace. No witness appeared against him, and he was released to tell his own story.

Judge.—Mr. Wragg will you state the facts connected with your arrest?

Mr. Wragg.—Certainly, sir. Last night about 10 o'clock, I was going along quietly and unostentatiously, with my mind occupied in profound meditation, suddenly my thoughts and vision were simultaneously arrested, not by a member of the police, but by an old hat which was lying on the side-walk. Now I have a deep aversion to an old hat. In fact I might say the whole world has a rooted antipathy to old hats. It may be because old hats are emblematical of a man going down the hill of adversity. Men under such circumstances and old hats receive the same kind of treatment, namely kicks. Now nine out of ten seeing the old hat lying on the sidewalk as I did, would have given it a kick, and that, sir, is just what I did. I kicked that old hat, and not only that, but kicked a frightfully large stone which was inside of it; I felt myself falling forward, and unfortunately I fell against a fat woman with sufficient force to cause her to fall; in falling, she knocked down a ladder; one end of the ladder struck me, the other hit a cart horse; the horse gave a jump and the woman was thrown off from his cart; he fell on a bull terrier dog; the dog gave a yell and bit the woman who rolled over on me; a nigger pushed out of an alley and kicked the woman for falling on his dog; the carman picked up a stone and threw it at the nigger, but unfortunately it went through the window of a Dutchman's grocery and fell upon a butter tub; the Dutchman came out; by this time I got up and was about to castigate a boy whom I saw laughing, from which circumstance I was led to believe that he had put the stone in the old hat; I ran after the boy. When he saw my bellicose attitude he yelled out for his father. The Dutchman ran after me, and just as I caught the boy the Dutchman caught me. Sir, my physical power was not sufficient to cope with both. I am not a Samson. I was vanquished; not only that, sir, but when released from their grasp I was beaten by three or four other Dutchmen.

CAUTION TO PHYSICIANS.—Physicians engaging in the service of Russia cannot always rely upon positive facts upon record in this office, and therefore must be correct. There is however one item not taken into the account, and that is the fact that negroes in this climate will, for the year round, perform much more labor than an equal number of white men—I think the difference is about as two to three—or that twenty negroes will perform as much hard labor as thirty white men, which would increase the difference in favor of slave labor from \$23,422 to \$37,475 per year. This last difference is not alone owing to the fact that the negroes can work on during the sickly season, while many of the white laborers fail, but to the fact that they are better able generally, and, in my opinion, do actually perform one-third more work. The cost of superintending white and slave labor must necessarily be about the same. Another disadvantage attending the employment of white laborers is the fact that they are more difficult to control than the negro, and when they know you are most dependent on them they will either demand higher wages or leave you.

Many physicians have been engaged by the belligerent armies that it is with the utmost difficulty to control men of this class can be secured for mercantile. Even men who have the most ordinary qualifications for the office are often taken. Hence, there is no occasion for medical gentlemen committing themselves to an engagement with the Russians under such onerous stipulations, merely for the sake of employment.—N. Y. Med. Times.

FOUND HER CHARACTER.—On Saturday afternoon, a middle-aged woman called at Station No. 1, and inquired for a trunk which she had left there about two months ago. She was extremely anxious to recover the lost trunk, because, as she said, it contained her character. The gentlemanly officer in attendance took considerable trouble to find the woman's character, and, after hunting for some little time, he found the wished-for trunk. The female was overjoyed at once more obtaining the trunk, which she immediately opened and from which she pulled forth a piece of dirty and mutilated paper, on which was written the following:

"This certifies that Katy Quadd is a good domestic, capable of doing all kinds of work, but she will get drunk whenever she gets an opportunity."

Katy appeared to be fully satisfied with her "character," and said that she had used it a great deal, and should have it copied on a clean piece of paper. She then left, with many thanks to the officer for his kindness.

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